Murder upon Murder,

Committed by *Thomas Sherwood*, alias, *Countrey Tom*: and *Elizabeth Evans*, alias, *Canbrye Besse*: The first upon M. *Loe*, The 2. of M. *George Holt* of *Windsor*, whom inhumanely they kild neare *Islington* on the 22. day of January 1635. The last upon M. *Thomas Claxton* of *London*, whom mercilesly they murdered upon the second day of Aprill last past, neare unto Lambs Conduit on the backside of Holborne, with many other robberies and mischiefes by them committed from time to time since Midsomer last past, now revealed and confest by them, and now according to Judgement he is hangd neare to Lambs Conduit, this 14 of Aprill, 1635. to the terror of all such offenders

To the tune of Bragandary downe, &c.

All Christians all vnto my song,
'twill moue your hearts to pitty,
What bloody murders haue beene done,
Late about the City:
We daily see the blood of Cain,
Amongst vs euer will remaine.
Murder, lust and murder,
Is the foule sinke of sin.

It's scarce a moneth within the yeare,
But murders vile are done,
Son, the Father murdereth,
Or Father kills the Son,
Next man and man there's such debate,
Which in the end brings mortall hate.
O murder, &c.

The mother loseth her owne life
Cause she her child doth kill,
And some men in their drunken messe,
Their deare friends blood doth spill,
Many more, through greedy game,
Brother hath the brother slaine.
Murder, &c.

Of these foure now in hand,
Truth I will declare,
When God leaues man vnto himselfe,
Sathan then beware,
As doth Sherwood truely finde,
Vnto murder bent his mind
Murder, &c.

A man of honest parentage,
Traind vp to husbandry,
But weary of that honest life,
To London he did hye:
Where to his dismall wofull Fate,
He chose a Queane for his copemate.
O murder, &c.

One Canbery Besse in Turnball-street,
On him did cast an eye,
And prayd him to giue her some drinke,
As he was passing by:
Of two two some he gaue consent,
And for the same doth now repent.
O murder, &c.

For by alluring tempting baites,
She sotted so his minde,
That vnto any villany,
Fierce Sherwood was inclind,
His crowne all spent he must haue more,
For to content his filthy (Whore)
O murder, &c.

Much mischiefe then by them was done
In and about the City,
But still they scape vnpunished,
(not knowne) more was the pitty,
To deadly sinnes they then did fall,
Not onely robbe but murder all.
O murder, lust and murder,
Is the foule sinke of sin.

The first was Master William Loe,
a Gentleman of note,
And cruell Sherwood laid him low
With an inhumane stroke:
Nor birth nor blood they did regard,
Yet death for blood is their reward
O murder, &c.

One Master Holt of Winsor towne,
a Norwich Factor he,
Walking abroad to take the ayre,
felt nere their buchery,
For Sherwood with a fatall blow,
This goodman kill'd, his queane wil se,
O murder, &c.

His cloak, hat, ruffe, from him they tak
eleuen groats also,
And were about his cloathes to stripe,
his shirt, shoes, hose thereto,
But being scard, away they flye,
he hath confest this villany.
O murder, &c.

A vile loose life they still run on,
regarding not their end,
Their hearts still bent to cruelty,
not minding to amend:
They cannot 'scape Sathan the deuill,
That drags them vnto all this euill.
O murder, lust and murder,
Is the foule sinke of sin.

Murder upon Murder,

Committed by *Thomas Sherwood*, alias, *Countrey Tom*: and *Elizabeth Evans*, alias, *Canbrye Besse*: The first upon M. *Loe*, The 2. of M. *George Holt* of *Windsor*, whom inhumanely they kild neare *Islington* on the 22. day of January 1635. The last upon M. *Thomas Claxton* of *London*, whom mercilesly they murdered upon the second day of Aprill last past, neare unto Lambs Conduit on the backside of Holborne, with many other robberies and mischiefes by them committed from time to time since Midsomer last past, now revealed and confest by them, and now according to Judgement he is hangd neare to Lambs Conduit, this 14 of Aprill, 1635. to the terror of all such offenders

To the tune of Bragandary downe, &c.

All Christians all vnto my song,
'twill moue your hearts to pitty,
What bloody murders haue beene done,
Late about the City:
We daily see the blood of Cain,
Amongst vs euer will remaine.
Murder, lust and murder,
Is the foule sinke of sin.

It's scarce a moneth within the yeare,
But murders vile are done,
Son, the Father murdereth,
Or Father kills the Son,
Next man and man there's such debate,
Which in the end brings mortall hate.
O murder, &c.

The mother loseth her owne life
Cause she her child doth kill,
And some men in their drunken messe,
Their deare friends blood doth spill,
Many more, through greedy game,
Brother hath the brother slaine.
Murder, &c.

Of these foure now in hand,
Truth I will declare,
When God leaues man vnto himselfe,
Sathan then beware,
As doth Sherwood truely finde,
Vnto murder bent his mind
Murder, &c.

A man of honest parentage,
Traind vp to husbandry,
But weary of that honest life,
To London he did hye:
Where to his dismall wofull Fate,
He chose a Queane for his copemate.
O murder, &c.

One Canbery Besse in Turnball-street,
On him did cast an eye,
And prayd him to giue her some drinke,
As he was passing by:
Of two two some he gaue consent,
And for the same doth now repent.
O murder, &c.

For by alluring tempting baites,
She sotted so his minde,
That vnto any villany,
Fierce Sherwood was inclind,
His crowne all spent he must haue more,
For to content his filthy (Whore)
O murder, &c.

Much mischiefe then by them was done
In and about the City,
But still they scape vnpunished,
(not knowne) more was the pitty,
To deadly sinnes they then did fall,
Not onely robbe but murder all.
O murder, lust and murder,
Is the foule sinke of sin.

The first was Master William Loe,
a Gentleman of note,
And cruell Sherwood laid him low
With an inhumane stroke:
Nor birth nor blood they did regard,
Yet death for blood is their reward
O murder, &c.

One Master Holt of Winsor towne,
a Norwich Factor he,
Walking abroad to take the ayre,
felt nere their buchery,
For Sherwood with a fatall blow,
This goodman kill'd, his queane wil se,
O murder, &c.

His cloak, hat, ruffe, from him they tak
eleuen groats also,
And were about his cloathes to stripe,
his shirt, shoes, hose thereto,
But being scard, away they flye,
he hath confest this villany.
O murder, &c.

A vile loose life they still run on,
regarding not their end,
Their hearts still bent to cruelty,
not minding to amend:
They cannot 'scape Sathan the deuill,
That drags them vnto all this euill.
O murder, lust and murder,
Is the foule sinke of sin.

The second part To the same tune.

A W

FOr being flusht with humane bloud,
they thirsted still for more,
The more from God O man thou runst
the greater is thy score:
Like ravening wolues they prey & watch,
How they the innocent may catch.
O murder, lust and murder,
is the foule sinke of sin.

The last that fell into their hands,
was Master Claxton he,
A Gentleman of good descent,
and well belou'd truely,
Who walkt vnarm'd by breake of day,
In holborne fields they did him slay.
O murder, &c.

A scarlet coate from him they tooke,
new suit from top to toe,
His hoose, hat, shirt they tooke from him
much money else also,
And left him in the fields so wide
So fled away and not discride.
O murder, &c.

But marke the goodnesse of the Lord,
on the succeeding day,
That Sherwood with his trull did think
beyond sea take their way,
In Houndsditch were together tane,
Selling the coat in the same lane.
O murder, &c.

With the new suit vpon his back,
and all things else beside,
The queane the hat of Master Holt,
which they had murdered,
So vnto Newgate were they sent,
Confest all this, and doe repent.
O murder, &c.

Wishing all men when as they walke
to haue a spetiall care,
And not to go vnarm'd, or late,
but sword or truncheon weare,
Had they done so Sherwood doth say,
He had not ventred them to slay.
O murder, &c.

Within three quarters of a yeare,
these murders they haue done,
And maim'd and spoiled many a one,
by their confession:
Such deadly blowes he did them giue,
Twas strange that after they should liue
O murder, &c.

For these bad facts he now doth dye,
iust iudgement for his misdeede,
All such ill liuers grant they may,
no worse nor better speed,
So shall England from crying sinne,
Be euer freed, Gods mercy winne.
For murder lust and murder,
is the foule sinke of sinne.

FINIS.

Printed at London for *T. Langley*, and are to be sold by *Thomas Lambert* in Smithfield, neere to the Hospitall gate.